Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of *Cœlo* the ſkie; the welken, the heauen, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epithithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but Sir I aſſure ye, it was a Buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir, *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherеſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dictiſſima good man *Dull*, *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull.*

Dul. What is *Dictima?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more,
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Colluſion hold
Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'all
Exchange.
Dul. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the
for the Moone is neuer but a month old: an
'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd,
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an ext
on the death of the Deare and to humour the i
Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd the Pricket.
Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*
you to abrogate ſcurilitie.
Hol. I will ſomething affect the Letter, for

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and pri
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
The people fall a hooting,
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.
Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he cl
talent.
Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſim
trauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes,
apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions, . Theſe
ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe o
deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but
in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull
Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſoe m
ners, for their ſonnes are well tutor'd by you, a
ters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a goo
common-wealth.